

3.107

**BETTER CALL SAUL**

"TBD"

Episode #107

TEASER

CLOSE: a MUGSHOT featured on a WANTED poster. It's your everyday, average wanted poster -- the kind seen in police stations and post offices around the country. We do not recognize the picture. It's just an anonymous bad guy. We pan past it to... ANOTHER wanted poster. Then ANOTHER...

We keep panning until we reach... JIMMY MCGILL. Is he on a poster? Has something gone horribly wrong for our favorite lawyer? Nope... he's live and in person. Reveal we are:

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jimmy sits on a bench next to MIKE EHRMANTRAUT. It's late... or, more accurately, early -- maybe two in the morning. These two are tired. They sit, inert, not a word passing between them.

Members of the bizarro late-night parade of humanity pass them from time to time -- POLICE, CIVILIANS, and various bedraggled SUSPECTS. It's not exactly bustling here, but it's not quiet either. Jimmy sighs to himself, eyes glazed.

Why are they here? Who are they waiting for? They don't appear to be under arrest...

Finally, our two Philadelphia DETECTIVES, ABBASI and SANDERS, saunter up to them. Jimmy and Mike rise. This is who they've been waiting for. And it's clear that the detectives have been making them wait. No preamble:

ABBASI

What is it?

Jimmy's annoyed that they've been kept waiting, but for once, he does not act like a smart-ass. In fact, he's almost sheepish as he clears his throat. Jimmy's worried.

JIMMY

Now, gentlemen, I just want to say up front that my client is here to do his civic duty. This is in no way an admission of guilt, and should not be interpreted as such. Are we clear?

Abbasi shakes his head.

ABBASI

If your client's not here to confess, we don't have time for this shit.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

Well, seeing as my client is innocent, you will be disappointed on that count. However, what we're here for is certainly worth your time.

ABBASI

Yeah? And what would that be? Specifically.

Jimmy looks to Mike, who pulls out Abbasi's NOTEPAD (the one he pickpocketed in episode 106). He offers it to Abbasi, who grabs it, a suspicion confirmed.

Sanders looks at Mike, subtly raises an eyebrow. Mike remains impassive.

ABBASI

Sonofabitch. I knew... I knew you stole it.

JIMMY

-- Now, let's slow our roll here. Mr. Ehrmantraut did not steal anything. He merely found the notepad in the hallway.

ABBASI

My ass.

JIMMY

I understand a healthy sense of skepticism. However, I assure you -- he found it. I mean, think about it -- logically one does not return stolen goods. As a rule. Now, despite the harassment he's been subjected to, he knew that, as a law-abiding citizen, it was his duty to return such a sensitive document to you.

Abbasi flips through the notepad, checking to make sure no pages are missing. Shakes his head.

ABBASI

(to Mike)

You know, it's cops like you that give us all a bad name.

JIMMY

There's no need to resort to personal attacks...

(CONTINUED)

Abbasi ignores Jimmy, fixes his glare on Mike. Lifts the notepad.

ABBASI

What'd you find in here? Was it worth it? You steal this, and the next day your daughter-in-law -- the one who got us out here in the first place -- suddenly she's got nothing to say? You think we can't put that together?

JIMMY

Okay! Well, our duty is done. And since this is clearly not a productive conversation, my client and I will be taking our leave. Happy to return your valuable belongings. Good night.

Jimmy indicates to Mike -- *let's go*. However, Abbasi stops him, gets close to Mike.

ABBASI

They say you were a hell of a cop. Me? I don't see it. Looks to me like you left a trail. And we're right behind you.

(a look to Jimmy)

That goes for you too, scumbag.

JIMMY

Whoa... I am simply an officer of the court, representing my client --

But Abbasi storms off, pissed. Jimmy looks alarmed at Abbasi's ire, especially as it relates to him...

Sanders, who has been quiet till now, remains. He and Mike exchange a look. Mike turns to Jimmy.

MIKE

I think that's all I'll require of your services for now.

Jimmy looks at him, then at Sanders.

JIMMY

If you're gonna be talking to this fine detective here, I would advise that I remain present for any such conversation...

Mike just watches him -- level

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

That's... really not a good idea.

MIKE

You're done here.

Yeah, Mike's not backing down. Jimmy looks at him, sees it's hopeless. Annoyed:

JIMMY

Fine. It's late. I have places to be. Uh, you're welcome, by the way.

Mike nods -- okay, then. Jimmy snorts, walks away.

With Jimmy gone, Sanders looks to Mike.

SANDERS

Sorry about the kid. He's... young. You know, looking to make his mark. Believes in the "greater good."

Mike shrugs.

MIKE

I like him.

Sanders nods. These two are world-weary in a similar way. There's a familiarity between them that we now see.

MIKE

So what now?

He clearly means with the investigation. Mike's testing the waters, seeing how much he needs to worry about this murder investigation in the long term. Sanders shrugs.

SANDERS

He'll keep looking for a while. But, he's kind of on his own with this thing.

(quietly)

Some people I know think Fensky got what was coming to him, and Hoffman? What can you say? That whole precinct was a sewer.

Mike nods -- yes it was.

SANDERS

Wouldn't be surprised if we see a few more early retirements...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SANDERS (CONT'D)

Might be a good thing. Bring in  
some new blood.

MIKE

Like the kid.

SANDERS

Yeah. He's got an ax to grind.  
He's not gonna give up easy. But  
he will give up.

It's clear, now -- Sanders is here as an ally. And he'll  
make sure Abbasi gives up. Mike nods his thanks.

MIKE

Anything I need to do?

SANDERS

Nah... nope.

MIKE

Thanks.

SANDERS

(nods)

Better for him in the long run.  
He's gotta learn. Some rocks you  
just don't turn over.

With that, Sanders leaves. Off Mike, alone...

END TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. COURTHOUSE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Minutes after the teaser. Jimmy leans against Mike's CAR, waiting. Here comes Mike, done with his little chat with Sanders. He clocks Jimmy, but doesn't engage with him.

JIMMY

Not smart, my friend. Not smart at all.

MIKE

Excuse me?

JIMMY

You talking to a cop without your lawyer? Bad move. Very bad, no good, terrible move.

Mike shrugs and slides past Jimmy, pulling out his KEYS to UNLOCK his DOOR.

MIKE

It's fine.

JIMMY

Fine?! You call that fine? We've got targets on us. Giant, flashing targets. It's not just you anymore, you know. That one guy is like a dog with a bone. A starving dog. Who really, really likes bones.

MIKE

It's taken care of.

JIMMY

Taken care of? Taken care of how?

Mike looks at him, calm.

MIKE

It's taken care of.

JIMMY

Gruff, very gruff. Full points for stoicism as well. But, you know, forgive me if I don't take you at your word, tough guy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

JIMMY (CONT'D)

We're talking homicide detectives flying two thousand miles to talk to you about a double murder. Of cops. Now, I seem to vaguely remember that cops aren't too fond of cop killers. So... please, illuminate me... in what world is this "taken care of?"

MIKE

You're just gonna have to believe me.

JIMMY

Actions have consequences. Big actions? Big consequences. We're talking Hiroshima level here.

Mike stares Jimmy down. He's... serene.

MIKE

Just calm the hell down and forget about it. Okay?

Jimmy's ready to launch into another tirade, but he looks at Mike -- really looks at him -- and sees the utter certainty in Mike's eyes. It starts to dawn on Jimmy that there's more to Mike and this whole business. Maybe Mike's right, and it is fine.

JIMMY

Okay. Okay, fine. I believe you.

MIKE

Small favors.

Mike turns back to his car, opening the door. Jimmy watches him, concern turning into interest. Seems like there's more to this story. Jimmy's criminally-inclined side is intrigued.

JIMMY

So, you uh... you and that one detective. History there, huh?

Mike grunts -- he's not answering that.

JIMMY

I getcha, I getcha. Wheels within wheels..?

(beat)

I mean, but seriously... how deep down the rabbit hole does this go?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

Yeah, that's enough for Mike. He has no patience for Jimmy's fanboying. Climbs into his car and starts the engine.  
Window-down:

MIKE

Go about your business.

JIMMY

Okay. Thin blue line, code of silence, right?

MIKE

Something like that.

JIMMY

I get it. It only takes one leak to sink the ship, huh?

MIKE

Goodbye now. Send me a bill.

And with that, Mike drives off, leaving Jimmy alone. Off Jimmy, disappointed but still intrigued...

EXT. CHUCK'S HOUSE - DAY

It's morning. Time for Jimmy's usual supply run. Jimmy pulls up in his Esteem and climbs out. As he walks to the back of the car, we get a glimpse of the inside -- it's loaded with FILE BOXES. There's barely any space in the car that's not occupied by boxes.

Jimmy opens the TRUNK, revealing... more boxes. Crammed in between them are Chuck's supplies -- ICE, a BAG of GROCERIES. Jimmy's using every available inch of space. He struggles to pull out the ice, which is wedged in there pretty good.

Off Jimmy, as he finally manages to yank the bag of ice out...

INT. CHUCK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Jimmy enters, lugging the ice and groceries. Calling out:

JIMMY

It's me -- your friendly, neighborhood ice man.

No answer. Jimmy crosses to the COOLER and starts pouring in the ice. Calls out again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMMY

Apparently there was a run on bacon this morning. Nearly lost a hand to an over-eager housewife. I'll get you next time.

Still no answer. Jimmy looks up, starting to wonder.

JIMMY

Chuck?

(beat, waits)

Chuck? You there?

Again, no answer. Jimmy sets down his work and peeks into the great room.

JIMMY

Chuck?

ANGLE ON: the great room -- it's empty. No sign of Chuck.

Jimmy heads for the kitchen stairs, looks up.

JIMMY

Chuck?! You up there, buddy?

Hello..?

Still no answer. Now Jimmy's getting worried. This is not like Chuck at all.

JIMMY

Chuck?

He starts to head up the stairs.

JIMMY

Come on now. Not funny.

Suddenly, distant:

CHUCK (O.S.)

I'm out here!

Jimmy turns toward the call, which is coming from behind him. The hell? Off Jimmy heading into the great room...

EXT. CHUCK'S HOUSE - YARD - DAY

We're on Chuck's back as he stands outside, several feet from the open door. That's right, Chuck is willingly outdoors, surrounded by the electricity that makes him so ill.

(CONTINUED)

Jimmy hurries out through the french doors, shocked to find his brother in the open air.

JIMMY

Chuck? Chuck! Holy shit! Are you okay?

Chuck doesn't turn around. Keeps his back to the house -- eyes closed, fists clenching and unclenching.

CHUCK

Shhh...  
(under his breath)  
one-fifteen, one-sixteen...

What the hell is he doing? Jimmy is quiet, just watching his brother.

CHUCK

One-seventeen, one-eighteen, one-nineteen...  
(a beat, triumphant)  
one-twenty!

Chuck opens his eyes and turns back to the house. He waves Jimmy inside.

CHUCK

Go! Go! Inside!

Confused, Jimmy steps backwards through the door as Chuck hurries after him inside...

INT. CHUCK'S HOUSE - GREAT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chuck quickly closes the door.

JIMMY

Chuck? What's going on?

Chuck sits on his couch, holds up a hand -- *just a second*. He breathes deeply -- in and out. Deep, full yoga breaths. He's calming himself, re-centering. Jimmy stands nearby, waiting, impatient. Finally, he can't take it anymore.

JIMMY

Okay. Care to explain?

CHUCK

Yes, yes. Just give me a second.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chuck pats himself, checking in. Amazingly enough... everything's okay. Takes a few more breaths, feels his forehead. Nods.

CHUCK

Okay. Okay...

JIMMY

Okay what..?

CHUCK

Yeah. I'm good.

JIMMY

That's great. But... what was that?

CHUCK

An explanation. Of course. Sorry. I've been... well, it's an experiment really. I'm attempting to build up a tolerance for electromagnetic fields.

JIMMY

A tolerance?

CHUCK

Yeah. You know, like... taking very small doses of poison to build up an immunity.

JIMMY

Is that a real thing? Because that doesn't sound like a real thing.

CHUCK

Yes, it's a real thing. Anyway. As you know, there's a sixty kilovolt, single phase transformer two hundred yards south of my backyard. I've been approaching it, trying to acclimate myself. I got up to two minutes today!

JIMMY

That's, uh... wow.

CHUCK

Two days ago? I could barely stand thirty seconds. I'm trying to get to five minutes by next week.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Jimmy's almost speechless with shock. This could change everything.

JIMMY

That's great. But where's this coming from all of a sudden?

CHUCK

After what happened with the police and the hospital... I almost lost everything, Jimmy. I can't go on like this. I have to find a way to get better. I have to. I have to get back to work.

JIMMY

Back to work?

CHUCK

Make no mistake. I am going back to HHM. Sitting here, rotting away -- this is a half-life. I need to be useful again. I need work.

As Chuck repeats the word "work," there's a tiny spark in Jimmy's eyes -- an idea forming...

CHUCK

Despite what one might think, there's only so much reading to catch up on.

JIMMY

That's great, Chuck. Really. I'm proud of you.

Chuck smiles, nods his thanks.

CHUCK

It'll be a long process, but... it's one to which I'm very committed. I have to be.

Jimmy looks at his brother, proud and intrigued. And he knows what to do next. Could be there's a way to help Chuck -- and himself.

JIMMY

I'll be right back. Got a few more things in the car...

Jimmy heads out, leaving a curious Chuck.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. CHUCK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Minutes later. Jimmy enters, pushing a stack of FILE BOXES on a small, folding HAND TRUCK. Chuck spots him from his vantage point in the great room and hurries in.

CHUCK

What's all this?

JIMMY

Just some case files. I'm out of room at the office, and I just don't feel safe leaving them in the car. Lots of sensitive information here.

CHUCK

Okay, but... you can't leave them here.

JIMMY

I'll keep 'em outta your way, I promise. It's just... you're really the only person I trust around these.

Jimmy wheels the boxes into:

INT. CHUCK'S HOUSE - GREAT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chuck follows as Jimmy starts unloading the boxes, stacking them in an out of the way corner. Chuck watches, unhappy.

CHUCK

I don't know, Jimmy.

JIMMY

It'll just be for a little while. I'm practically sleeping on these boxes at my place.

Chuck can't help but be a touch impressed by the volume of work Jimmy's doing.

CHUCK

Business is that good?

JIMMY

Booming. Streets of gold. And, honest, I'll get these out of here quick as I can.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I've just got to file the four-thirteens on these wills, and they'll be out of your hair.

CHUCK

Four-thirteens?

JIMMY

Personal property statements...

CHUCK

You mean five-thirteens?

JIMMY

Oh yeah! Of course. Sorry. Working with these seniors... maybe the dementia's contagious, huh?

Jimmy smiles brightly, but Chuck is not comforted. More importantly, the presence of these files is... tempting. He really wants to look at them.

Which is exactly what Jimmy wanted. He specifically brought these in here to tempt Chuck.

JIMMY

We good? I mean, I could leave them in the car, but... I've got whole lives in here... Don't want some petty grifter getting a hold of Grammy Mildred's private info, going on a shopping spree...

Chuck nods, relenting -- reluctantly.

CHUCK

Jimmy, this isn't sustainable. How long until you have an office -- a real office? Assuming your cash flow can sustain it.

JIMMY

Well, my cash flow is... flowing.

CHUCK

In that case, maybe it's time to invest in yourself. Find some place less... transitional.

Jimmy thinks about it... likes the idea.

JIMMY

Gonna have to stretch these wings and fly at some point, right?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

Jimmy folds up his hand truck and heads for the kitchen, ready to go.

JIMMY

I'll think about it.

Jimmy smiles as he hurries out. Chuck remains in the great room.

JIMMY

Same time tomorrow!

CHUCK

Yeah. See ya.

We stay with Chuck as Jimmy exits. We hear the kitchen door close O.S. Chuck goes to his desk, shuffles through the mail. But he can't keep his eyes off...

JIMMY'S BOXES. All that lovely, fascinating legal work just sitting there, waiting. And does Jimmy even know how to do it properly? What would it hurt to take a look?

Off Chuck -- as tempted as a five-year-old alone with a chocolate cake.

INT. EMPTY OFFICES - DAY

Close on ELEVATOR DOORS. They open to reveal Jimmy and KIM. He signals -- after you. Kim steps out, followed by Jimmy, into the EMPTY offices. There's a reception area just ahead of them. From there, hallways break off leading to private offices. Kim takes them in, turns to Jimmy, impressed.

KIM

Wow. These are, like... really nice.

JIMMY

Why do you sound surprised?

KIM

Not surprised! No, just...  
(cautious)  
Can you afford these?

JIMMY

Oh yeah. Are you kidding? Those seniors have been very good to me. No money spends like pension money. And I've been meaning to expand. You know... it's time to invest in myself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIM

So won't you miss the nail salon?

JIMMY

I can always visit. Get some french tips from time to time. Besides, it never hurts to give the ladies time to really miss me.

There's an ease, an intimacy, between them. Jimmy walks her down the hallway, pointing to the rooms.

JIMMY

We've got a nice conference room here. Maybe not as big as Hamlin's, but you know... it's cozy. Feels like family. Our elderly brethren prefer that, I find.

KIM

Could be cozier though... Maybe you could embroider some cushions? Crochet a runner for the table?

JIMMY

Fine thoughts. All very fine thoughts, indeed. I'll take it under advisement.

Jimmy steers her to the last office, guiding her inside.

INT. EMPTY OFFICES - 1ST EXECUTIVE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

There are large windows, offering an expansive view. It's big and airy.

JIMMY

This is me.

Kim is impressed.

KIM

Nice! Very nice.

JIMMY

Gotta look successful to be successful, right?

KIM

This definitely looks like success. Get a big fancy desk in here...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIM (CONT'D)

(beat)

You deserve it.

She means it. Jimmy smiles -- it's a nice moment.

JIMMY

One more. This way!

He exits, leading her back to the hallway...

INT. EMPTY OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

He takes her a few steps down the hall to another door. Opening it and signaling her to enter, with a flourish...

JIMMY

And here we are...

He follows her into:

INT. EMPTY OFFICES - 2ND EXECUTIVE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

An even larger and more impressive office space than the last we saw. For instance: corner windows, crown molding, built-in bookcases. Even without furniture, Kim is wowed.

KIM

Whoa. This is... way better than the other one.

JIMMY

You think?

KIM

Uh? Yeah. Who goes here? 'Cause I'd be all up in here if I were you.

JIMMY

Yeah, you know... you're right. It is really nice.

KIM

Corner windows. You gotta go with the corner windows.

JIMMY

Yeah, but I was kinda saving it for someone.

KIM

Who?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMMY

Well, my partner...

Jimmy stands close to Kim, looks her right in the eyes as he says "partner." Kim is a bit taken aback, smiles... like she doesn't get it yet.

KIM

Your partner? Who...  
(attempting casual)  
Who would that be?

Jimmy looks at her -- this is it. He takes a breath.

JIMMY

Well, you said you were interested  
in elder law...

Oh shit. That's right -- Jimmy is essentially offering her a partnership in his firm. It's sweet, earnest. And if things were different...

But, right now, it's not a welcome offer.

As Jimmy's implication sinks into Kim, the moment grows more and more awkward. She steps back, nervous. She wants to let him down easy. As gently as possible:

KIM

That's... that's so... thank you.  
Really.

(beat)

But you know, I've got a lot  
invested at HHM. With what's going  
on now, I'm closer than ever to  
partner. Like... maybe a year or  
two, and I'm in.

Jimmy, seeing this is definitely not going the way he'd hoped, quickly switches gears -- hides how crushed he really is and plays it off.

JIMMY

Oh yeah! Yeah, of course. I mean,  
you know... it was just a thought.

KIM

(sincere)  
It's a nice thought.

JIMMY

Just playing around with some  
ideas. Had the extra office and  
everything, so...

(CONTINUED)

Kim sees Jimmy is struggling. Trying to break the tension,  
she points out the door.

KIM  
Is that the kitchen?

She takes off, beelining out the door, leaving Jimmy alone.

KIM (O.S.)  
Wow! They have stainless in here!  
I don't even have stainless at  
home!

Jimmy sighs, somber. He really wanted Kim to take the offer.  
Off Jimmy, heartbroken, then... pasting on a smile as he  
exits...

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

CLOSE ON: a man and woman's clasped HANDS.

KIM (O.S.)

I know this is the last thing you want to hear, and believe me -- I wish I had better news.

Reveal we are:

INT. HHM - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Kim sits across from MR. and MRS. KETTLEMAN, who hold hands. They look grim. Kim is respectful but professional and competent here. She's just the lawyer you'd want if, God forbid, you were in a tight spot.

KIM

In light of the evidence the district attorney's office will be presenting should charges be filed, I think your chances are very slim of getting a favorable ruling from the jury.

MR. KETTLEMAN

What does that mean?

KIM

We're not in a great position to win at trial.

MRS. KETTLEMAN

But we came to you because we were told you win cases.

KIM

"Winning" doesn't always mean getting a favorable verdict at trial. We try to achieve the best possible outcome for our clients given each individual case. Frankly, we've worked very hard to stave off an arrest. After the misunderstanding about your, uh, camping trip, the D.A. was concerned you might be a flight risk.

(CONTINUED)



MRS. KETTLEMAN

"Flight risk?" We were camping.  
We were practically in our own  
backyard!

KIM

That's exactly what we told the  
D.A. In any case, I think we've  
managed to come up with a deal that  
is very favorable under the  
circumstances.

MRS. KETTLEMAN

What kind of "deal?"

Mrs. Kettleman clearly does not like the idea of a deal. Kim  
sees this and smiles, attempts to put the best possible spin  
on it.

KIM

If the prosecution decides to stack  
all the charges they're threatening  
to file, you're looking at thirty  
years in prison.

MR. KETTLEMAN

Thirty years?

KIM

Yes. And given the nature of the  
crime and the current political  
environment, I would say that it  
will most likely be the maximum.  
The public outcry in these cases is  
a big factor. However, after much  
discussion with the D.A. -- who is  
also invested in keeping the press  
to a minimum -- we have come to a  
deal that would include sixteen  
months in a county facility.

Mr. Kettleman looks ill.

MR. KETTLEMAN

Sixteen months..?

KIM

Down from thirty years. And... you  
would most likely not serve that  
full time.

Mrs. Kettleman radiates quiet outrage.

(CONTINUED)



MRS. KETTLEMAN

But he would have to say he was guilty.

Kim nods.

KIM

Admitting wrongdoing and making the county whole again goes a long way here. Hence the minimal sentence.

MRS. KETTLEMAN

Making the county "whole again?"

KIM

The deal includes the stipulation that you return one-point-six million dollars in misappropriated funds.

MR. KETTLEMAN

Give back the money?

Mrs. Kettleman puts a hand on her husband's arm to quiet him.

MRS. KETTLEMAN

But there is no money. We told you. Craig is innocent.

Kim smiles. She knows Craig is guilty as hell. And she's sure the Kettlemans do have the money. Of course, she can't just say that.

KIM

I... understand. However, I'd like to emphasize again that this deal is Mr. Kettleman's best chance of minimizing jail time.

MRS. KETTLEMAN

You're telling us there are drug dealers and murderers walking out on the street, but instead of going after them, they want to put an innocent man in jail?

MR. KETTLEMAN

There's no other way?

KIM

I'm sorry. I think under the circumstances, this is your best option.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. KETTLEMAN

There is no money. You have to take this to trial.

KIM

Look, you have a simple choice here. On one hand, you give up the money, plead guilty -- that's painful, I know -- and go to jail for a year and a half. But your other choice? Trying to keep the money? That's not a choice at all. If you go to trial, you'll most likely lose, and Craig goes to prison for thirty years. Your children will grow up seeing their dad through bars on visiting day.

Kim leans forward, honest, down-to-earth.

KIM

I know what I'd do. I'd take the deal. Two years from now, you can be starting over. It's tough, I know. But you're tough people. And your family is worth it.

Mr. and Mrs. Kettleman look to each other -- somber. Kim smiles gently.

KIM

Why don't I give you two a few moments to discuss this? I know it's a big decision...

MRS. KETTLEMAN

We don't need to discuss it.

Kim relaxes slightly -- looks like she convinced them to do the right thing.

KIM

Oh... okay. Alright then. Well, the first thing we should do is to secure the money --

MRS. KETTLEMAN

(interrupting)  
-- Oh no. You're fired.

Kim looks to her, speechless -- say what? Off Kim, gobsmacked, we HARD CUT TO:

INT. HHM - RECEPTION - DAY

The Kettlemans, hand-in-hand, hurry past reception towards the elevators. They are trailed by... HOWARD HAMLIN and Kim. Kim is still in shock but is quickly moving to panic.

Hamlin's all smiles, trying his best to get the Kettlemans to stop and talk about this.

HAMLIN

If you two would like, we can go to my office and discuss this. I'm sure there has to be a solution.

MRS. KETTLEMAN

That won't be necessary.

They reach the elevators. Mrs. Kettleman presses the button repeatedly. Hamlin stops next to them.

HAMLIN

I'd be more than happy to get all the senior partners in on this. I'm sure that together we can reach a consensus.

MR. KETTLEMAN

It's not personal. Really.

HAMLIN

Of course. Let's just talk.

MRS. KETTLEMAN

We will no longer be requiring your services.

HAMLIN

If you're unhappy with what we've presented to you, there may be other directions we can go --

The elevators ding and open. Mrs. Kettleman hurries in, tugging Mr. Kettleman in behind her. She hits the "G" button. Then the "close doors" button.

As the doors close...

MRS. KETTLEMAN

We're done here.

With that, they are gone. Hamlin's smile drops immediately. He wheels on Kim, who looks like she just may puke. Hamlin gives her a look that could kill. She shrinks...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAMLIN

What the hell did you do?

KIM

Nothing... I presented the deal as discussed.

HAMLIN

You must have gone off script.

KIM

No. There was nothing. I did everything just as we talked about.

Hamlin looks at her, pissed... not believing her. Off Kim, deeply and utterly fucked.

PRELAP:

JIMMY (O.S.)

G-48, folks. That's right... good ole G-48...

INT. SENIOR CENTER - REC ROOM - DAY

Jimmy stands at the front of a large REC ROOM of a senior center. Tables are set up in rows, spanning the room. At the tables, SENIOR CITIZENS search their BINGO CARDS for G-48, those who have it marking theirs with round MARKERS.

Jimmy works the crank on a BINGO CAGE, the BALLS clattering around inside. He's all smiles, getting on his best Bob Barker, in his element as he performs for the crowd. He sets the G-48 ball aside. Slowing the cage, he pops open the top and selects another ball.

JIMMY

What've we got here? Wait for it... B-7! Lucky B-7.

Seniors stamp their numbers. We go CLOSE and feature that the bingo cards are BRANDED... with Jimmy's name and number. Along the top of each card reads: "Need a will? Call McGill!" Looks like Jimmy sponsored today's little game.

An immaculately-dressed GRANDMA near the back stamps her "B-7" and sees... she's got a bingo! She lights up and calls out:

GRANDMA

Bingo!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jimmy smiles, stopping the crank.

JIMMY

We have a winner! Lady luck has struck again! Let's see a hand so we know who you are...

The grandma waves her hand, beaming.

JIMMY

The young lady in the back! Congratulations, miss! You have won... what've I got for this lovely lady?

Jimmy rummages through a stack of inexpensive prizes on the table, pulling out a KITTY-CAT NOTEBOOK.

JIMMY

We've got this adorable notebook. Do you like cats, Miss..?

GRANDMA

Irene! I love kitties. I have two Siamese. Oscar and Felix.

JIMMY

Aw, well, perfect.

Just then, Jimmy's cell phone RINGS. JIMMY pulls it out, checks the number... intrigued. He hands the notepad to a STAFF MEMBER stationed nearby.

JIMMY

Want to bring this over to Irene? And could you..?

Jimmy indicates the bingo cage -- *take over for me*. He steps to the corner for privacy, answering the phone in his British accent.

JIMMY

Office of James McGill, Esquire, how may I direct your call?

We do not privilege the other side of the call, but whomever it is... Jimmy is surprised to hear them.

JIMMY

Yes, yes, of course... one moment please...

Jimmy puts the phone to his chest, counts under his breath...

(CONTINUED)



JIMMY

One, two, three, four, five...

He picks up the phone, smiles.

JIMMY

This is James McGill. How can I help you today?

(listens)

Yes, of course. I can be there.

(listens)

Half an hour. See you then.

He hangs up. Off Jimmy, thoughtful and intrigued...

INT. DINER - DAY

The Kettleman sit side by side at the same table where we first saw them way back in episode 101. Mr. Kettleman nurses a cup of coffee. They're quiet, waiting...

Through the windows, we see Jimmy's Esteem pull into the parking lot and park. He exits and heads for the door of the diner, stopping just before he enters. (Mr. and Mrs. Kettleman have their backs to him and do not see him.)

Jimmy straightens his tie and takes a deep breath. He's psyching himself up. Okay, ready. Big smile -- he pushes open the door and strides to the Kettleman's table.

JIMMY

Mr. and Mrs. Kettleman. A pleasure to see you again.

They turn to him and favor him with tight smiles. He slides into the seat facing them.

JIMMY

And how can I be of service?

Getting right to business:

MRS. KETTLEMAN

We would like to hire you as our attorney, Mr. McGill.

JIMMY

What?

MRS. KETTLEMAN

Our lawyer? We're hiring you...

Jimmy is momentarily speechless as Mrs. Kettleman presses on.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. KETTLEMAN

Now, of course, we want no jail time. Zero. Craig is innocent, and we expect you to prove that. We won't see his name smeared like this any longer.

JIMMY

Forgive me, but can we back up just a scotch? Last time we spoke, you were very enthusiastic -- positively insistent -- about being represented by HHM.

MRS. KETTLEMAN

We've parted ways.

JIMMY

May I ask why?

Mrs. Kettleman shifts, uncomfortable.

MRS. KETTLEMAN

We disagreed with their defense strategy.

JIMMY

That must have been some disagreement.

MRS. KETTLEMAN

They treated us like we were guilty.

She's clearly deeply offended by this. Jimmy, who knows without a doubt that they are guilty, doesn't quite know how to respond to this.

JIMMY

So your previous... objections to my representing you are now..?

MRS. KETTLEMAN

I apologize for my harsh words at our last encounter.

MR. KETTLEMAN

We are very sorry.

MRS. KETTLEMAN

We've thought long and hard about it, and...

She turns to her husband, who smoothly picks up the sentence.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

MR. KETTLEMAN

... Given your passion and can-do attitude, we really believe you are the lawyer for us.

MRS. KETTLEMAN

Absolutely.

Jimmy looks at them -- okay. This is... well, it's what he wanted just a few episodes ago. But, does he still? Things have changed for Jimmy McGill, and dealing with the unpredictable Kettlemans isn't really an incentive for him anymore.

JIMMY

Well, as... flattered as I am by your sudden and puzzling change of heart, I've changed my area of specialization...

MR. KETTLEMAN

You said you would fight for us. You were very insistent.

MRS. KETTLEMAN

You promised to get a not-guilty verdict.

JIMMY

I'm not sure if I really promised that...

MRS. KETTLEMAN

You said we'd be client number one. "Morning, noon, or night."

She's quoting Jimmy word for word, and he knows it.

JIMMY

Yes, and of course I meant what I said. At the time. But, times... change.

MRS. KETTLEMAN

(with an edge)

But we've already paid you a retainer.

Oh yeah... the "retainer." Last we saw, Mrs. Kettleman was calling it a bribe. How times have changed. Looks like Jimmy's moment of weakness is going to bite him after all.

JIMMY

Right. A "retainer."

(CONTINUED)

MRS. KETTLEMAN

That is what you said...

Jimmy nods. Of course. He did say that. Feeling the pressure, he needs a moment to process. Standing:

JIMMY

If you'll excuse me for one moment... Sorry. I, uh, I had a Big Gulp on the way over.

With that, he beelines for the rest room.

INT. DINER - REST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy enters at a clip, leans against the wall, thinking. A beat, then he pulls out his cell phone. Dials. Two RINGS, then:

KIM (V.O.)

(flat)

Hey.

JIMMY

Hey there. Uh... funny story. I found something that belongs to you... again.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HHM - KIM'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

We're close on Kim as she sits at her desk. She's pretty dead-eyed here, hollowed out from this very bad day.

KIM

Yeah?

JIMMY

Uh, yeah. Your clients? Well, technically I guess they're your ex-clients... Bit of a mystery there, but sounds like a real pisser of a tale. Anyway, those pesky little buggers keep getting away from you. What's that about?

Kim perks up at this.

KIM

The Kettleman's?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMMY

You lose any other clients today?  
Yeah... Mr. and Mrs. Koo-koo  
Bananas just offered me the plum  
job of defending them.

KIM

They came to you?

JIMMY

I know, right? I don't know what  
you did to piss them off, but it  
must have been good. Because last  
I talked to them, they made it  
abundantly... and I mean abundantly  
clear that I wasn't really in their  
league.

KIM

What'd they tell you?

JIMMY

Not much. Something about you  
treating them like they're guilty.

Kim laughs mirthlessly.

KIM

Heaven forbid someone think that.

JIMMY

So it's true?

KIM

Come on, Jimmy, you know I'd never  
treat a client like that.

JIMMY

Obviously. But I assume you must  
have said something, oh,  
discouraging about their chances of  
winning this case.

KIM

Something like that. Look,  
Jimmy...

Kim takes a deep breath, steels herself. She's about to make  
a big ask here.

KIM

I know... I know this is a lot to  
ask, but you have to convince them  
to come back to HHM.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

I do, huh?

KIM

Yes. Please. It's... it's important.

JIMMY

What's it worth to you?

KIM

Jimmy, I'm serious. They left because they think they can win this case, but they can't. I managed to scrape together -- from practically nothing, I might add -- a deal for them. A deal they should feel lucky to have. And no knock on you, believe me, but... you're not going to be able to do any better for them. This is their absolute best bet.

Jimmy sighs. He believes Kim. But it's more complicated than simply asking the Kettlemans to go back to HHM.

KIM

Please. Make them understand. It's better for them if they come back.

It's clear -- it's also better for Kim if they come back.

Jimmy thinks for a moment. He'd really do just about anything for Kim. Besides, maybe if he gets her clients back, she'll rethink partnering with him.

JIMMY

I'll do my best. They're, you know... well... I was going to say stubborn, but somehow that doesn't quite seem to encapsulate the enigma that is those two.

KIM

Thank you. All I can ask is that you try.

JIMMY

Tell me about this deal.

Off Jimmy, listening...



INT. DINER - DAY

Moments later. Jimmy returns to the waiting Kettleman's.

JIMMY

Thanks for waiting.

MRS. KETTLEMAN

So, where do we start? Do you need us to sign that paper?

Jimmy looks at her, regretful.

JIMMY

I'm very sorry, but I'm afraid I can't accept your case.

MRS. KETTLEMAN

What? Why?

JIMMY

Well, my schedule is chock-full these days. And as I said, I'm really moving away from this area of the law.

Jimmy slides one of his new business cards on the table.

JIMMY

"Need a will? Call McGill!"  
That's me! So, if you need any help with your estate planning... I'd be more than happy, but this --

MR. KETTLEMAN

(interrupts)  
-- But what are we supposed to do?

JIMMY

Well, that brings me to my second point. I would highly encourage you to go back to HHM. I'm sure they would welcome you with open arms.

MRS. KETTLEMAN

We're not going back there. They were... incompatible.

JIMMY

I understand you were asked to face some harsh realities. And I get it -- no one likes that.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMMY (CONT'D)

We get angry, we say some things we don't mean. But, bottom line here? Kim Wexler is a fine lawyer. And she has a great relationship with the D.A. As much as I would love to sing my own praises, I doubt I can get as good a deal as she already has.

MRS. KETTLEMAN

We don't want a "deal." We want you, our lawyer, to exonerate Craig.

JIMMY

"Exonerate." That's a big word -- particularly in your case.

MRS. KETTLEMAN

There will be no deal. There is no money with which to make a deal.

Jimmy looks to her in disbelief. Surely she can't be denying the existence of the money. Not when she just reminded him about the "retainer" that came from it. Jimmy's had it. Time to get real. Leans forward, quiet...

JIMMY

Okay, I don't know what kind of semantic Twister you're playing, but let's drop the innocent act. We both know, without question, that there is money. I distinctly remember a spirited game of tug-of-war with this money -- money which we then discussed at length. You made many excuses justifying your possession of said money. It's there, it exists.

Mrs. Kettleman starts to speak up.

JIMMY

No. Stop. Please. I just... for my own sanity. Let's just agree that you cannot hide that big beautiful bag of cash forever. You'll certainly never be able to spend it. So... go back to HHM. Apologize to Ms. Wexler, and for chrissakes... take the deal.

Mrs. Kettleman is angry, but stays in control. She fixes him with a glare.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. KETTLEMAN

If there were any money --

JIMMY

-- There's totally money.

MRS. KETTLEMAN

-- Then there would be a full accounting of it. Every penny would have to be present. Every. Single. Penny.

(beat)

You understand?

It's clear what she's saying -- all of it, including the thirty thousand they gave Jimmy. Jimmy nods.

But in case it weren't completely clear, Mr. Kettleman can't resist spelling it out...

MR. KETTLEMAN

That's right. All of it. Including that thirty thousand that you --

MRS. KETTLEMAN

(interrupting)

-- Craig! Yes, he gets it.

(beat, intent)

We're in this together, Mr. McGill... come what may.

(smiles)

Now... where do we begin?

Off Jimmy, his options narrowing dramatically...

END ACT TWO



ACT THREE

CLOSE ON: A TIE being ADJUSTED. We reveal we are:

INT. HHM - ELEVATOR - DAY

Jimmy, alone in the elevator, adjusts his tie nervously and brushes LINT from his suit. He's not really relishing the encounter he's about to have.

The elevator DINGS, and Jimmy straightens himself, puts on his game face. The doors open to reveal:

INT. HHM - RECEPTION/BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

... Howard Hamlin waiting. He's not exactly happy to see Jimmy. After all, Jimmy just snaked one of his big clients. No "hello," no "happy to see you." Just:

HAMLIN

This way.

Hamlin turns and walks swiftly from the lobby through the main office space. Jimmy follows. Various HHM EMPLOYEES stop their work and stare. Jimmy smiles and nods at a few, but they don't really respond -- not with bossman Hamlin there. Everyone knows that Jimmy snagging the Kettlemans is a big deal.

They arrive at...

INT. HHM - KIM'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Hamlin steps in, gestures to a stack of BOXES on the floor -- all marked "KETTLEMAN."

The rest of the office is conspicuously EMPTY -- no files, no books -- no Kim. It looks like she's moved out. All that remains is the furniture... and the Kettleman boxes. Jimmy's surprised.

JIMMY

Where's Kim?

Hamlin is a bit cagey here.

HAMLIN

We moved her over to the east wing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMMY

East wing? You mean, like, isn't that... storage?  
(off Hamlin)  
What's going on?

Hamlin shrugs it off. He doesn't owe Jimmy any explanations.

HAMLIN

Just doing a little bit of restructuring.

JIMMY

Restructuring? Kind of weird timing.

HAMLIN

You know Jimmy, as hard as it is to believe, life continues to move on here even though you're no longer part of the company.

JIMMY

Oh yeah, yeah. Clearly. Moving in great, totally not vindictive directions. Yeah.

HAMLIN

It's none of your concern.

Jimmy doesn't push it beyond that, but he's pissed. Kim is obviously being punished. Jimmy looks to the file boxes.

JIMMY

I'm gonna need some help here...

Jimmy looks expectantly at Hamlin, who is not helping Jimmy carry any of these boxes. Off their stalemate...

INT. HHM - PARKING GARAGE - DAY

DING! The parking garage elevator doors OPEN, revealing Jimmy pushing a HAND TRUCK, loaded with the Kettleman boxes. He wheels the boxes out of the elevator, heading for his car.

He spots Kim, smoking in the same spot we last saw her smoke in episode 101. Jimmy parks the boxes and heads her way. His frustration with Hamlin in the previous scene boils over.

JIMMY

That prick firing you?

Kim exhales her smoke.

(CONTINUED)

KIM

Hello to you.

Jimmy looks at her -- *so, is he?* She shrugs.

KIM

Best case scenario is my two-year plan just became a ten-year plan.

JIMMY

That schmuck. You didn't do anything wrong.

KIM

I lost the case.

JIMMY

Not your fault. They're not exactly playing with a full deck, those Kettleman's. I'm not sure they even know what a deck is.

Kim snorts mirthlessly, nods. A beat, then:

KIM

You had to take their case?

Jimmy sighs. He feels guilty. He absolutely did not want to take this case, but he had no choice. Not that he can really explain that to Kim.

JIMMY

They were... very insistent. I mean, I explained the situation. But reason and those two... perfect strangers. Maybe they flirted with rationality once, but it just didn't work out. No real spark there, apparently.

(beat, sincere)

Sorry. I tried, I really did.

Kim softens.

KIM

I'm not being fair. Of course you tried. They'll do what they want to do.

Kim takes a drag. Looks to Jimmy, serious.

KIM

I hope you didn't promise too much though.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KIM (CONT'D)

I doubt you'll be able to do more  
for them than we were offering.

JIMMY

You think very highly of my skills,  
obviously.

KIM

It's not that, Jimmy. It's a loser  
case. That deal was their best  
chance. He's looking at months,  
maybe, in county versus years in  
state, but he's just... they're too  
stubborn to admit any wrongdoing.  
After I worked my ass off finagling  
with the D.A., it's just, like --

Kim trails off, sighs in frustration.

JIMMY

There's gotta be a way. I take  
this to trial --

KIM

-- You lose. He did a terrible job  
covering his tracks. For starters,  
they've got reams of copies of  
checks he wrote himself for false  
expenses. All admissible. Believe  
me, I tried to suppress them. I  
know we're never supposed to say  
our clients are guilty, but...  
(bitter laugh)  
Not my clients anymore. He's so  
very guilty.

JIMMY

There has to be something, some  
loophole...

KIM

You're welcome to try, but don't  
think I didn't already.

JIMMY

There has to be a way.

KIM

Not without that money. It's the  
only chip they have, and they  
refuse to play it...

Off Jimmy, knowing that the money is most definitely off the  
table...



INT. NAIL SALON - SALON FLOOR - NIGHT

It's empty in here, completely still. We move through the salon, past the empty chairs to...

INT. NAIL SALON - JIMMY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy works at his desk, surrounded by books and the Kettleman FILES. He's tired, ragged -- he's clearly been at it all night, poring over details of the case and legal precedents.

He's desperately trying to find a way to win this case. The look on his face tells us he's found fuck-all. Kim's right -- this case, if taken to trial, is a loser.

Head in hands, exhausted and at the end of his rope, Jimmy looks truly defeated. That's it. The Kettlemans are going down -- and so is he. Fuck.

He looks up at the SHOEBOX where he keeps his Kettleman money. Sighs, full of regret. He never should have taken it. It's turned into a whole lot of trouble.

But you can't keep Jimmy down for long. He doesn't just give up. He takes a breath and shakes it off. Stands and retrieves the shoebox. Opens it. Inside is the remainder of his "retainer" -- maybe twelve thousand dollars. He considers the cash for a long moment, chewing over something in his mind.

Off Jimmy, an idea forming...

EXT. COURTHOUSE PARKING LOT - CASHIER BOOTH - DAY

Mike reads in his booth. But... he seems distracted. He keeps looking at his CELL PHONE, perched on his little work counter. What call is he waiting for? His daughter-in-law maybe? Has she forgiven him? We don't know yet. The phone stays frustratingly silent.

Jimmy's Esteem pulls up. Jimmy grabs a ticket and pulls through, stopping at the door to Mike's booth. Calls through the glass.

JIMMY

Hey! I need to talk to you!

Mike tries to ignore him, but Jimmy's insistent.

JIMMY

Come on, I just need five minutes!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike opens the door.

MIKE

I told you to bill me.

Mike shuts the door again.

JIMMY

Come on! It's important.

Mike waves him off, going back to his paper. Another CAR pulls in behind Jimmy, HONKS impatiently. Annoyed, Jimmy pulls through, and pulls over.

He jumps out of his car and hurries to the booth. He pulls open the booth door. Mike stands, annoyed.

MIKE

There's no grace period. And you can't park there.

JIMMY

I'll pay. But I need your help.

MIKE

Can't stand there. That's a thoroughfare. Safety hazard.

Frustrated, Jimmy CRAMS himself into the booth, face-to-face with Mike.

MIKE

Okay, now you're in my space. You really don't wanna be there.

JIMMY

I'm not moving until you help me.

MIKE

No chance I can change your mind?

There's a threat in there, but Jimmy stands firm. Mike sighs. Jimmy launches into his pitch.

JIMMY

I need your expert advice. I have some clients... and well, they're causing problems.

MIKE

Kettleman, again.

It's not really a question. Jimmy nods.

(CONTINUED)



JIMMY

They have some... evidence that they refuse to turn over. Evidence that would go a long way to helping with their case. They won't see reason and without this evidence, I can't properly do my job.

MIKE

Would this evidence happen to be that money they stole?

JIMMY

You know, what it is doesn't really matter...

Mike levels a glance at him. Jimmy shrugs -- he's quickly figuring out how sharp Mike is. And how worthless it is to play coy with him.

JIMMY

(beat)

Yeah. So, uh, I need to find it.

MIKE

It's probably in their house.

JIMMY

You know I thought of that as well. They're not really the type to stray from their home base. But... how do I get it? I doubt they'd be up for letting me take a little unsupervised tour of the place.

MIKE

No way you can get it.

Jimmy sighs.

JIMMY

So it can't be done?

MIKE

It can. But you can't do it.

JIMMY

Your phrasing leads me to believe that you can do it, then..?

Mike nods.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

Great! Thank you! You are a lifesaver, my grizzled friend.

MIKE

I said I can. I didn't say I will.

JIMMY

Ah, come on. I thought we were past this. I mean, I helped you with that little scam on those cops. We're a team! This is, like, our thing now.

Mike looks at him, impassive. Yeah, no go.

JIMMY

Okay, well then... you owe me.

MIKE

And I told you to bill me.

JIMMY

Perhaps I can appeal to your human side. I'm guessing there's one buried under that hard exterior..? This? It is in their own best interest. I'm trying to help them. Consider this a mitzvah!

MIKE

Whatever little lies you tell yourself to get to sleep at night are no concern of mine. The answer's no.

Jimmy's jaw sets. Mike is an immovable object. Fine, time to play tough.

JIMMY

Four thousand dollars.

MIKE

I'm not taking the job.

JIMMY

No... you owe me four thousand.

MIKE

Say again?

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

That's my fee as your lawyer. Now usually I expect cash up front, but I was willing to wave that due to the immediacy of your need. However... bill's due.

MIKE

Seems a bit steep.

JIMMY

Beggars, choosers. That's my rate for services rendered. I mean, that, or...

MIKE

... Or what?

Jimmy shrugs. It's that or Mike helps him get the Kettleman cash. Jimmy's blackmailing him. Mike sighs.

MIKE

I do this, you go away?

JIMMY

Yep. You do this and I might as well be in Brigadoon as far as you're concerned.

A beat. Finally, Mike nods -- he'll do it. Jimmy smiles.

MIKE

I need ten thousand dollars.

JIMMY

You misunderstand how this works...

MIKE

It's not for me.

JIMMY

Oh, well, please to explain then.

MIKE

You want me to do this, you gotta trust me.

Off Jimmy, not entirely sure he can trust Mike....

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. KETTLEMAN HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

We're in the backyard, watching the Kettleman FAMILY through the windows. Mr. and Mrs. Kettleman sit at the kitchen table with their two CHILDREN, WARREN and JO-JO. And... it looks like it's game night. The family plays some wholesome family game (Cranium, perhaps?).

They munch on POPCORN, all smiles. We hear faint laughter as Mr. Kettleman tickles his son after a fortuitous turn. It's a Hallmark image -- the happy nuclear family enjoying their family time.

We pull back from this idyllic scene to reveal... deep in the shadows of the backyard, a dark FIGURE slips into the yard. Who could this mysterious figure be? We start to worry for our happy family, until we see...

The figure is... Mike. He moves closer to the house, sticking to the shadows, making sure to stay hidden.

He stops and watches the family through the windows. A beat as he takes in the picturesque scene. He's hard to read as usual, but we see a flicker of longing cross his face. This is the family life he wishes to find again with Stacey and little Kaylee.

A beat as he reflects on his life. Then, he shakes it off quickly. Time to work. He moves to a play area and the stack of TOYS there. He quietly picks through them until he spots a toy DUMP TRUCK.

He picks the truck up -- *this'll do* -- and keeping quiet, walks over to the nearby GARBAGE BINS.

Mike sets the truck down by the trash bin, then pulls a small SPRAY BOTTLE out of his jacket (or BAG, whichever makes most sense). It's one of those clear plastic bottles you can buy at Walgreens and fill with whatever you want.

From his pocket, he pulls out a banded STACK of ten-thousand dollars. Now, he SPRAYS the cash, front and back, with whatever's in the bottle. What the hell is he doing?

Finished, he sets the stack of cash in the dump truck, then moves deeper back into the yard, out of sight in the shadows. We see him stop and resume watching the house, waiting...

TIME CUT TO:



## EXT. KETTLEMAN HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

An hour or two later. Mike is still at his post, silent in the dark.

Mr. Kettleman enters the backyard from the house, carrying a BAG of trash. He heads for the garbage bins, dumping the trash bag in the bin. As he moves the bin (it's trash day tomorrow -- something Mike knew) to take it out front to the curb, the toy dump truck ROLLS away from the bin, catching Mr. Kettleman's attention.

He sighs, goes to grab the truck, but then notices... the wad of cash in the truck bed. Shit. He quickly snatches it up and hurries into the house.

We stay with Mike, who still hides in the yard, watching Mr. and Mrs. Kettleman through the windows. And now we go into a bit of silent theater.

We don't hear their dialogue, but the body language is crystal-clear. Mr. Kettleman shows his wife the stack of money. Of course, they both assume this is some of their money. Both deny blame for the money getting outside.

Mrs. Kettleman's upset -- she guesses what happened. She calls a family meeting. The sleepy kids file into the kitchen, rubbing their eyes. Mrs. K grills them like Captain Queeg -- *how did this get outside? Money is not a plaything!* After a string of denials, the kids are sent back to bed.

(Again, this is all seen from Mike's perspective. We hear none of what's actually said. But, we understand what's happened.)

Blame has been assigned: the Kettlemans may not know the details, but clearly it's the kids' fault. Mrs. Kettleman grabs the money and storms out of sight -- presumably to return the cash to its hiding place.

Off Mike, patient, with just a hint of satisfaction...

## INT. KETTLEMAN HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Later still. It's dark in here. The same night, but everyone has since gone to bed. The house is silent...

We hear muffled clicking from the back door. A moment, then the door swings open. Mike enters, having easily picked the lock.

(CONTINUED)



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He pulls out a small, handheld, UV LIGHT and turns it on. He scans the area and sees a handprint FLUORESCING on a nearby counter. He crosses to the handprint, scanning the area. Ahead, he spots another handprint...

He follows it into:

INT. KETTLEMAN HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

We stay with Mike as he tracks a scant trail of handprints and smudges that shine brightly under the black light.

As he moves, he hears a NOISE ahead. Shit! He tucks himself around the corner and waits.

Another beat, then we hear a FLUSH. Bright LIGHT shines down the hall for a moment. The light CLICKS OFF, and we hear footsteps.

Shooting past Mike, we see Jo-Jo Kettleman exit the bathroom at the end of the hall. She heads, half asleep, toward us. Shit... she's inches from discovering Mike. But then, just as she's about to reach the corner, she turns the other way... entering a BEDROOM. She disappears into the room, closing the door behind her.

Whew. Close call. Mike waits a moment, then steps back into the hall, shining his light.

He continues his stealthy search, following the trail to the bathroom. He shines his light inside, and spots a concentrated glow. Stepping in:

INT. KETTLEMAN HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mike shines his light at the sink area. A concentration of prints and bright smudges fluoresce around the medicine CABINET.

Mike opens the cabinet, but there's no money inside -- just the usual assortment of toiletries. He thinks for a moment, tracing a gloved finger along the edges of the cabinet, noticing some irregularity.

Putting down his light, he grabs the cabinet by both sides and carefully PULLS IT OFF THE WALL. Gently setting it down (quiet now!), he turns his attention to the HOLE left by the missing cabinet.

Mike pulls out a small FLASHLIGHT. Clicks it on and shines it into the hole. Sure enough -- inside the hole is nestled... the Kettleman's BAG of CASH. Victory.

INT. NAIL SALON - SALON FLOOR - NIGHT

Jimmy -- who holds his shoebox and a small BANK ENVELOPE under his arm -- and Mike stand over the open bag of cash. We take a long beat with them as they stare at the money. There's a definite longing here -- most especially in Jimmy's case. They could just take this windfall and run...

Finally, Jimmy sighs. He opens the shoebox and throws in the last of the CASH from inside. Then he opens the bank envelope in his hand and pulls out a WAD of cash (which should total \$18,000)... tosses that into the bag as well.

MIKE

What're you doing?

JIMMY

(air quotes)

"The right thing."

Mike shrugs -- okay then. Jimmy closes the bag and lugs it to a waiting BOX on the counter. He boxes the bag up, sealing it with TAPE. He then picks up the box and carries it to Mike, handing it over.

JIMMY

You know where you're going, right?

Mike nods.

MIKE

Am I correct in assuming we're now square?

JIMMY

Square.

Mike nods and leaves. Off Jimmy, watching the money go...

PRELAP: DING-DONG! A DOORBELL chirps merrily.

EXT. KETTLEMAN HOUSE - DAY

CLOSE on the door as Mr. Kettleman opens it to find... a smiling Jimmy.

JIMMY

Good morning!

From inside the house:

MRS. KETTLEMAN (O.S.)

Who is it, Craig?

(CONTINUED)

MR. KETTLEMAN  
It's Mr. McGill.

Mr. Kettleman nods to Jimmy, smiles.

MR. KETTLEMAN  
Morning. Come in.

Jimmy steps inside as Mrs. Kettleman enters from the kitchen.

INT. KETTLEMAN HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy enters, looks around.

JIMMY  
Cleaned up nicely in here, didn't  
you? Last I saw this place, it  
was... well, not a contender for  
the cover of *Good Housekeeping*,  
that's for sure.

MRS. KETTLEMAN  
Do you have news about our case?

JIMMY  
I do, in fact! However, before we  
get into the nitty-gritty, I think  
we should have a little chat about  
your deal.

Mrs. Kettleman smiles tightly.

MRS. KETTLEMAN  
We told you. There is no deal.

Jimmy nods.

JIMMY  
Oh, I know. But circumstances have  
changed.

MRS. KETTLEMAN  
What circumstances?

JIMMY  
To answer your question, I would  
suggest that you might want to  
check on that money you insist you  
didn't take.

Mrs. Kettleman looks stricken.

(CONTINUED)

MR. KETTLEMAN  
What are you talking about?

Mrs. Kettleman is already hurrying down the hall for the bathroom. Mr. Kettleman takes off after her.

MR. KETTLEMAN  
Betsy? What's going on?

We stay with Jimmy as he waits. He's quiet, waiting for the inevitable discovery. We hear what sounds like a medicine cabinet being pulled from the wall. A CRASH, then:

MRS. KETTLEMAN (O.S.)  
No! No, no, no!

MR. KETTLEMAN (O.S.)  
It's okay, Betsy. It has to be here somewhere.

Jimmy smiles ever so slightly as he hears the Kettlemans hurrying back his way. Mrs. Kettleman rounds the corner, fire in her eyes.

MRS. KETTLEMAN  
What did you do with it?!

JIMMY  
And what would "it" be?

MRS. KETTLEMAN  
Cute. Where is it?

JIMMY  
Oh, you mean the money? Yeah, well... lemme see.  
(checks watch)  
It should be making its way onto the D.A.'s desk right about now.

MRS. KETTLEMAN  
What? You... you thief.

JIMMY  
Takes one to know one, doesn't it?

MR. KETTLEMAN  
You took it? How did you take it?

JIMMY  
A good magician never reveals his secrets. Now... here's what's going to happen --

(CONTINUED)

MRS. KETTLEMAN

(interrupting)

-- You don't tell us what to do.  
You stole from us. We'll... we'll  
take you to court.

JIMMY

I know you're very upset right  
now... and not the best when it  
comes to logic, but just think  
about what you're saying. As  
someone once told me -- criminals  
have no recourse. And you are  
criminals.

(beat)

You are completely and totally  
guilty. Luckily, you have a very  
talented lawyer who has found a way  
to minimize the damage you have  
brought down upon yourself.

MRS. KETTLEMAN

Oh, you're fired.

JIMMY

Oh, I've already quit. No, I'm  
talking about Kim Wexler. You're  
going to go back to her. In fact,  
I'll drive you there. You're going  
to apologize for your hasty  
decision to terminate her services.  
Then you are going to fall upon her  
mercy and take the deal.

MRS. KETTLEMAN

We'll tell them about the bribe.

JIMMY

You could. You absolutely could.  
And I'd be in a mess of trouble. A  
real pickle. But then... so would  
you, Mrs. Kettleman. Right now...  
it's only Mr. Kettleman on the hook  
for this whole embezzlement  
kerfuffle. But the bribe -- since  
we're back to calling it a bribe --  
implicates you as well.

MR. KETTLEMAN

It doesn't. It was all me.

JIMMY

No... it wasn't. And I'll make  
sure everyone knows that.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



JIMMY (CONT'D)

I mean, I've got nothing to lose.

(beat)

It'll be very tricky to talk your way out of that one. And while I'll be facing disbarment... you'll be facing prison time.

Mr. and Mrs. Kettleman look to each other. They're screwed.

JIMMY

I don't suppose both of you really relish the idea of prison. But look on the bright side -- I'm sure they could work out some sort of visitation program. The occasional conjugal. Maybe it won't be all bad.

That's it. Game over. Jimmy's won. But Mrs. Kettleman still has some fight in her.

MRS. KETTLEMAN

No. This isn't over. We'll find a new lawyer.

MR. KETTLEMAN

Betsy...

MRS. KETTLEMAN

No. We don't have to put up with this. I won't be treated this way.

Mr. Kettleman turns to his wife, takes her gently by the shoulders.

MR. KETTLEMAN

Betsy. The kids.

She looks to him, still angry, but her eyes clear as what he says sinks in.

MR. KETTLEMAN

We have to do this for the kids. They can't lose us both...

Mrs. Kettleman deflates. She knows he's right. Mr. Kettleman pulls her into a hug, looks to Jimmy and nods.

Off Jimmy, triumphant, but not necessarily happy about it...

INT. HHM - GARAGE - DAY

CLOSE on a familiar dented TRASH CAN.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jimmy waits at the elevator, alone. The doors open to reveal... Kim. She looks at him, thankful and... apologetic. They don't speak.

Jimmy simply points to his car. We reveal the Kettlemans sitting together in the backseat.

Jimmy makes no move as Kim heads for the car. She opens the door for the Kettlemans. They exit, somber and docile, holding hands. She indicates the elevator.

She follows as they slowly head for the elevator. They're beaten here. They don't even look at Jimmy as they pass him. They enter the elevator and huddle together in the corner.

Kim passes Jimmy, gives him a small smile.

Kim enters the elevator, pushes the button, and turns back to Jimmy. She stares at him, mouths -- "thank you." He nods, but does not return her smile.

Off her quiet gratitude as the doors close...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. EMPTY OFFICES - DAY

Elevator doors OPEN, revealing... Jimmy. We are back in the empty office space he and Kim scouted earlier.

Jimmy, alone now, steps off the elevator and sadly tours the offices he can now no longer afford (remember, he returned the entirety of his bribe, making up the money he spent from his earnings from his elder law practice).

Jimmy ends his tour at what was supposed to be Kim's office. He enters.

INT. EMPTY OFFICES - 2ND EXECUTIVE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy stands in the doorway, staring out the windows. He's sad, reflecting on what could have been.

The sadness quickly shifts to... anger. The frustration builds in him and he KICKS the open office door hard, hurting his foot in the process.

He CRIES OUT in frustration and pain.

The door slams back into the wall and recoils as Jimmy hops away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Fuck. Jimmy slumps against the wall, pissed and frustrated. He was so close. Now he can't afford these offices. And Kim is even more lost to him than before...

A beat... then his cell RINGS. He pulls it out, scowling. Doesn't want to answer. Considers just throwing the damn thing away. What's the point?

As it rings, though, his expression softens. After all, he's James McGill. Onwards and upwards, right?

Alright, it's game time. He straightens and puts on a smile. He answers the phone in his faux British accent...

JIMMY

Office of James M. McGill, Esquire,  
how may I direct your call?

(listens)

Yes, Mr. McGill does wills. How  
can he help you with yours?

Off Jimmy, coming back to life, undefeated...

END EPISODE